

# THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

By F. A. TYLER.

Devoted to News, Politics, Scientific, Commercial, Agricultural and Miscellaneous Information.

\$3 in Advance.

"Power is never conferred but for the sake of the public good."

VOLUME 1.

PONOLA, PONOLA COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1843.

NUMBER 29.

## THE REGISTER.

Printed and published every SATURDAY at THREE DOLLARS in advance. Subscribers who do not pay in advance, will invariably be charged four dollars.

Advertisements inserted for one dollar per square (of ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements which exceed ten lines, charged ten cents per line for the first, and five cents for each insertion afterwards.

YEARLY ADVERTISING.—A deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year to a sufficient amount to make it for the interest of merchants and others.

Advertisements out of the direct line of business of the yearly advertiser will be charged for separately at the ordinary rates.

Professional cards, not alterable for the year, containing ten lines or less ten dollars.

The names of candidates for county offices will be inserted for five dollars, and candidates always in advance, and State offices ten dollars.

Electoral tickets will never be delivered till paid for.

Political circulars or communications of any individual interest, will be charged at half price of ordinary advertisements and must be paid in advance.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be continued till forbid, and any alterations made after insertion charged extra.

Advertising patrons will favor us by handing in their advertisements as early as our regular publication days as convenient—not later in any case if possible, than Thursday night.

ALL JOB-WORK must be paid for on delivery.

POSTAGE must be paid on all letters, or they will not be attended to.

## Government of Mississippi.

T. M. Tucker, Governor, till Jan. 1844.  
Lewis G. Galloway, Secretary of State.  
J. E. Matthews, Auditor of Public Accounts.  
Richard S. Graves, State Treasurer.  
John D. Freeman, Attorney General.

## JUDICIARY.

Judges of the High Court of Errors and Appeals: Wm. L. Sharkey, Edward Turner, and A. M. Clayton.

This Court has no jurisdiction except when properly belongs to a Court of Appeals. Its sessions are held on the first Mondays of Jan. and July at Jackson.

Chancellor of the State.—Robert H. Backner.

Clerk.—R. L. Dism.

On what Monday Court is held.

## First District.

Bolivar, 5th Monday April and October.

Chickasaw, 4th do May and November.

Warren, 2d do April and October.

Washington, 2d do do do.

## Second District.

Carroll, 2d Monday April and October.

Chickasaw, 4th do March and Sept.

Tallahatchie, 4th do May and November.

Yalobusha, 1st do do do.

## Third District.

Abbeville, 4th Monday May and Nov.

Jackson, 1st do do do.

Wilkinson, 1st do April and October.

## Fourth District.

1st Monday: May and November.

Cepiah, 4th aft 4th do do.

Newtown, 3d aft 4th do do.

Scott, 2d aft 4th do do.

Simpson, 4th aft 4th do do.

Smith, 1st aft 4th do do.

## Fifth District.

Clarke, 3d Monday May and Nov.

Greene, 1st do April and October.

Jackson, 4th do March and Sept.

Jasper, 2d do May and Nov.

Jones, 4th do April and October.

Lauderdale, 4th do May and Nov.

Perry, 3d do April and October.

Waynes, 2d do do do.

## Sixth District.

Keener, 4th Monday April and October.

Levy, 1st do do do.

Noxubee, 2d do do do.

Oktibbeha, 4th aft 4th do do.

Winston, 3d aft 4th do do.

## Seventh District.

Hinds, 3d Monday March and Sept.

Madison, 1st do May and November.

Rankin, 1st do June and December.

## Eighth District.

Coshoma, 2d Monday April and Oct.

De Soto, 4th do March and Sept.

Lafayette, 3d do May and Nov.

Marshall, 1st aft 4th do do.

Ponola, 1st Monday do do.

Tunica, 1st do April and Oct.

## Ninth District.

Chickasaw, 2d aft 4th Mon. April and Oct.

Hawthorn, 3d Monday do do.

Tonaw, 4th do do do.

Tippah, 1st do do do.

Pishomingo, 2d do do do.

Pontotoc, 3d aft 4th do do.

## Tenth District.

Attala, 2d Monday April and October.

Holmes, 3d do do do.

Leake, 1st do do do.

Yazoo, 1st do May and November.

## Eleventh District.

Amite, 2d Monday May and November.

Franklin, 4th do do do.

Pike, 1st do do do.

Covington, 3d do April and October.

Hancock, 1st do do do.

Lawrence, 4th do do do.

Marion, 2d do do do.

The Court of Chancery has jurisdiction over all pleas and complaints whatsoever cognizable in a Court of Equity, and holds two sessions annually, commencing on the 3rd Mondays in April and October for the Oxford District, and January and July at Jackson.

JUDGES AND DISTRICT ATTORNEYS OF THE CIRCUITS COURTS.

Judges. District Attorneys.

1st, George Coulter, 1st, E. G. Walker,

2nd, B. F. Catlett, 2nd, F. F. Neill,

3rd, Charles C. Cages, 3rd, Stanhope Posey,

4th, Albert G. Brown, 4th, E. G. Peyton,

5th, Henry Moninger, 5th, John Watts,

6th, H. S. Bennett, 6th, Henry Gray,

7th, John H. Rollins, 7th, F. Smith,

8th, J. M. Howry, 8th, G. A. Wilson,

9th, Stephen Adams, 9th, J. W. Thompson,

10th, M. L. Fitch, 10th, R. C. Perry,

11th, Van T. Crawford, 11th, J. T. Lanfkin

## Just Received

FROM Boston, a fine assortment of fresh Shoes and Boots, consisting of Ladies' Kid Slippers, Shoes, Walking Ties, and Brogans; Gents. Calf, Seal & Kip Boots, do. Calf, Seal and Kip Brogans and Shoes. Also, a great variety of Children's shoes. All of which will be sold low for cash by

June 8, A. W. ARMSTRONG.

Job work of all kinds done at this Office.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### An Incident of the Revolution.

In the summer of 1779, during one of the darkest periods of our revolutionary struggle, in the then small village of S—, (though it now bears a more dignified title,) in this State, lived Judge V., one of the finest and truest patriots within the limits of the "Old Thirteen," and deep in the confidence of Washington. Like most men of his time and substance, he had furnished himself with arms and ammunition sufficient for the males of his household.—They consisted of himself, three sons, and about twenty-five negroes. The female part of his wife and daughter Catharine, about eighteen years of age, the heroine of our tale, and several slaves. In the second story of his dwelling house, immediately over the front door, was a small room called the "armory," in which the arms were deposited, and always kept ready for immediate use. About the time at which we introduce our story, the neighborhood was much annoyed by the nocturnal prowlings and depredations of numerous Tories.

It was on a calm bright Sabbath afternoon of the said summer, when Judge V. and his family, with the exception of his daughter Catharine, and an old indisposed slave, were attending service in a village church. Not a breath disturbed the serenity of the atmosphere—no sound profaned the sacredness of the day; the times were dangerous, and Catharine had locked herself and the old slave in the house, until the return of the family from church. A rap was heard at the front door. "Surely," said Catharine to the slave, "the family have not come; church cannot be dismissed." The rap was repeated. "I will see what it is," said Catharine, as she ran up the stairs into the armory. On opening the window and looking down, she saw six men standing at the front door, and on the opposite side of the street,—three of them Tories, who formerly resided in that village; their names were Van Zandt, Finley and Sheldon; the other three were strangers, but she had reason to believe them of the same political stamp from the company in which she found them.

Van Zandt was a notorious character, and the number and enormity of his crimes had rendered his name infamous in that vicinity. Not a murder or robbery was committed within miles of S—, that he did not get credit for either planning or executing. The characters of Finley and Sheldon were also deeply stained with crime, but Van Zandt was a master spirit in iniquity. The appearance of such circumstances must have been truly alarming to a young lady of Catharine's age, if not to any lady, young or old. But Catharine V. possessed her father's spirit—the spirit of the times. Van Zandt was standing on the step rapping at the door, while his companions were talking in a whisper on the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street.

"Is Judge V. at home?" asked Van Zandt, when he saw Catharine at the window above.

"He is not," said she.

"We have business of pressing importance with him; and if you will open the door," said Van Zandt, "we will walk in and remain until he returns."

"No," said Catharine, "when he went to church he left particular directions not to have the doors opened until he and the family returned. You had better call when the church is dismissed."

"No," retorted the villain, "we will enter now or never."

"Impossible," cried she, "you cannot enter until he returns."

"Open the door," said he, "or we'll break it down and burn you and the house up together." So saying he threw himself with all the force he possessed against the door, at the same time calling upon his companions to assist him. The door, however, resisted his efforts.

"Do not attempt that again," said Catharine, "or you are a dead man," at the same time presenting from the window a heavy horseman's pistol, ready cocked.

At the sight of this formidable weapon the companions of Van Zandt, who had crossed the street at his call, retreated.

"What," cried the leader, "you cowards, are you frightened at the threat of

a girl?" And again he threw himself against the door; the weapon was discharged and Van Zandt fell.

The report was heard at the church, and males and females at once rushed out to ascertain the cause. On looking towards the residence of Judge V., they perceived five men running at full speed, to whom the Judge's negroes and several others gave chase, and from an upper window of his residence, a white handkerchief was waving as if beckoning for aid.

All rushed towards the place, and upon their arrival Van Zandt was in the agonies of death. He still retained strength to acknowledge that they had frequently been concealed in the neighborhood for that purpose, but no opportunity had offered until that day, when lying concealed in the woods, they had seen the Judge and his family going to church.

The body of the dead Tory was taken up and buried by the Sexton of the church, as he had no relation in that vicinity.

After an absence of two hours or thereabouts, the negroes returned, having succeeded in capturing Finley and one of the strangers, who were that night confined, and the next morning, at the earnest solicitation of Judge V., liberated, on promise of mending their lives.

It was in the month of October, of the same year, that Catharine V. was sitting by an upper back window of her father's house knitting; though Autumn, the weather was mild, and the window was hoisted about three inches. About sixty or seventy feet from the rear of the house was the barn, a huge edifice with upper and lower doors, the lower doors were closed, and accidentally casting her eyes towards the barn, she saw a small back door, on a range with the front door and window at which she was sitting, open, and a number of men enter.

The occurrence of the summer immediately preceding, and the fact that her father and the other males of the family were at work in a field some distance from the house, led her to suspect that the opportunity had been improved, probably by some of Van Zandt's friends to plunder and revenge his death. Concealing herself, therefore behind the curtains, she narrowly watched their movements. She saw a man's head slowly rising above the door, and apparently reconnoitering the premises—it was Finley's. Their object was now evident. Going to the "armory," she selected a well loaded musket and resumed her place by the window. Kneeling upon the floor, she laid the muzzle of the weapon upon the window sill between the curtains, and taking deliberate aim she fired. What effect she produced, she knew not, but saw several men hurrying out of the barn, by the same door they entered.—The report again brought her father and his workmen to the house, and on going into the barn the dead body of Finley lay upon the floor.

Catharine afterwards married a captain of the Continental army, and she still lives the mother of a numerous and respectable line of descendants. The house is also in the "land of the living" and has been the scene of many a prank of the writer of this tale in the heyday of his mischievous boyhood.—*Exchange Paper.*

### Description of Father Matthew.

On the day of our arrival at Cork, and as the passengers descended from "the drag," a stout, handsome, honest looking man, of some two and forty years, was passing by, and received a number of bows from the crowd around. It was Theobald Matthew, with whose face a thousand little print-shop windows had already rendered me familiar. He shook hands with the master of the carriage very cordially, and just as cordially with the master's coachman, a disciple of temperance, as at least half of Ireland is at present. The day after the famous dinner at McDowell's, some of us came down rather late, perhaps in consequence of the events of the night before—(I think it was Lord Bernard's quotation from Virgil, or else the absence of this current jelly for the venison, that occasioned a slight headache among some of us, and an extreme longing for soda-water.)—and there was the apostle of temperance seated at the table drinking tea. Some of us felt a little

ashamed of ourselves, and did not like to ask somehow for the soda water in such an awful presence as that. Besides, it would have been a confession to a Catholic priest, and, as a Protestant, I was above it. The world likes to know how a great man appears even to a valet-de-chambre, and I suppose it is one's vanity that is flattered in such rare company to find the great man quite as unassuming as the very smallest personage present; and so like to other mortals that we could not know him to be a great man at all, did we not know his name, and what he had done. There is nothing remarkable in Mr. Matthew's manner, except that it is exceedingly simple, hearty and manly, and that he does not wear the downcast demure look which, I know not why, certainly characterize the gentlemen of his profession.

Whence comes that general scowl which darkens the faces of the Irish priesthood? I have met a score of these reverend gentlemen in the country, and not one of them seemed to look or speak frankly, except Mr. Matthew and a couple more. He is almost the only man, too, that I have met in Ireland, who in speaking on public matters, did not talk as a partisan. With the state of the country, of landlord, tenant, and peasantry, he seemed to be most curiously and intimately acquainted; speaking of their wants, differences, and the means of bettering them, with the minutest practical knowledge. And it was impossible in hearing him to know, but from previous acquaintance with his character, whether he was Whig or Tory, Catholic or Protestant. Why does not government make a Privy-councilor of him? That is, if he would honor the right honorable body by taking a seat amongst them. His knowledge of the people is prodigious, and their confidence in him as great; and what a touching attachment that is which these poor fellows show to any one who has their cause at heart, even to any one who says he has: "Avoiding all political passions, no man seems more eager than he for the practical improvement of his country. Leases and rents, farming, improvements, reading societies, music societies; he was full of these; and of his schemes of temperance above all. He never misses a chance of making a convert, and has his hand ready and a pledge in his pocket for sick or poor.—One of his disciples in a livery-cloak, came into the room with a tray; Mr. Matthew recognised him, and shook him by the hand directly; so he did with the strangers who were presented to him; and with a courtly popularity-hunting air, but, as it seemed, from sheer hearty kindness, and a desire to do every one good. When breakfast was done, (he took but one cup of tea, and says, that from having been a great consumer of tea and refreshing liquors before, a small cup of tea and one glass of water at dinner now serve him for his day's beverage) he took the ladies of our party to see his burying-ground, a new and handsome cemetery, lying a little way out of the town, and where, thank God! Protestants and Catholics can lie together without Clergymen quarrelling over their coffins.—*Titmarsh's Irish Sketch Book.*

### Valuable Receipts.

**Varnish for Boots and Shoes by which they are rendered water-proof.**—Take a pint of linseed oil, with half a pound of mutton-seed, six or eight ounces of bees-wax, and a small piece of resin; boil all these in a pipkin, and let the liquid cool till milk-warm—then with a brush lay it on boots or shoes. The leather must be perfectly dry.

**Cure for the Black Tongue.**—A handful of fine salt rubbed upon the tongue of a horse that has the black tongue will effect a cure, in at most two applications.

**Cure for Corns.**—Corns may be cured by binding on them at night a piece of sponge, moistened in a solution of pearl-ash. The corn may be brushed off in the morning, having been dissolved by the action of the caustic.

**Protection of Vines.**—Plaster sprinkled over vines will protect them from the ravages of the striped bug.

**To cure boils in Horses.**—Pour down the horse's throat a quart of a pound of alum dissolved in a pint of water, milk warm; in ten minutes after administer a pint of linseed-oil—in ten minutes the horse will rise and eat.

**For a Wasp Sting.**—Bind on the place a thick plaster of common salt moistened; it will soon extract the venom.

**Sick head-ache.**—Three or four drops of nitric acid, dissolved in cold water, and drank, is a sure remedy for sick headache, when it arises from a want of acid in the stomach.

**Carpets.**—The oftener carpets are shaken, the longer they will wear; the dirt that collects under them, wears the carpet out.

### Aristocratic Tastes of the Eagle.

A writer in Silliman's Journal, giving an account of the birds of Connecticut, thus describes an eagle, domesticated in his yard. It was what Audubon calls "the Washington Eagle."

"This noble bird was shot in New Canaan, in April, 1821, and was sent to me, in Stratford, by Mr. J. Silliman.—He soon recovered from his wound, and became perfectly domesticated. I kept him awhile confined, but soon found it unnecessary, because, if he left my premises, he would return to the stand at night. I have known him to eat fourteen birds, (mostly *Muscicapa Tyrannus* or king bird,) and then he was satisfied for a week. He appeared to prefer this mode of living, and paid no attention to a daily supply. He, however, in the course of the summer, became so mischievous among the young ducks of my neighbors, that I was compelled to kill him. A single anecdote of his conduct may not be uninteresting. While he had possession of my front yard, occupying the centre as his stand, (the walks making a semi-circle to the door,) he would remain perfectly quiet if gentlemen or ladies entered; but if a person with tattered garments, or such persons as were not accustomed to come in at the front door entered the yard, it was actually dangerous for them, and they could only escape the tremendous grasp of his talons by running with their full strength and shutting the gate after them. Feats of this kind often occurred, and I was occasionally compelled to release from his grasp such individuals as he had taken captive. With one claw in the sward and grass, he would quietly hold a man with the other. My domestics, both male and female, often felt the power of his talons and grasp. He would not allow their passing in that yard, and long acquaintance did not change his conduct towards them. If, however, such persons passed him in the adjoining yard, to the door in the rear of the house, he made no complaints. What renders this truly remarkable was, he had no training to this purpose while in my possession, and was wild when I received him."

### A Melancholy Story.

A letter dated on the 11th instant at Jacksonville, East Florida, and published in the Savannah, Georgia, Republican, relates the following truly melancholy details of an event that lately occurred in the neighborhood of Alligator:

"The father of a family, consisting of a wife and two sons, in the vicinity of that place, was taken sick, and during his illness, there being no food in the house, the wife took the gun for the purpose of procuring game. Having wandered out of her way, she got lost, and after three days solitary adventure in the wilderness, at last, weary and sick, found her home and her husband a corpse! Being unable to act further, she sent her eldest boy to the house of a neighbor, some seven or eight miles off for assistance. The little fellow, shortly after his arrival beneath the friendly roof, through previous sickness and present excitement beyond his years, became ill, and before he could tell his tale died. A few days after the house was visited, when, oh! deplorable sight! alongside the father was found the dead bodies of his wife and remaining son! The tale is short but true. They all perished through starvation. The tear of sympathy will freely flow when recounting such events."

### Modern Democracy.

With a Whig majority of ten thousand in North Carolina, the Locofocos have, by means of the unfair arrangement of the districts, elected a majority of the members of Congress. One of the fundamental principles of Democracy is that the majority shall govern, and Locofocoism proves itself to be undemocratic by annihilating this right on the part of the majority whenever it has an opportunity. In every State in which it has had the ascendancy, and which it has laid off into Congressional districts, it has trampled on the rights of majorities wherever they are opposed to them. It was not such democracy that the Revolutionary fathers, who professed that sacred creed taught. But the miserable, bastard, counterfeit thing called Locofocoism is as opposite in its character to that old fashioned genuine Democracy, as the gloom of midnight is to the brilliancy of mid-day.—*Lou. Jour.*

### Cockroaches.

The following method of destroying these detestable intruders is at once simple and effective: Procure a small quantity of that odoriferous vegetable called *poke root*. Boil it in water until the juices are extracted, and mingle the liquor with good molasses; spread the mixture in large platters or soup-plates; place these wherever the cockroaches visit, and the enemy will be found slain by fifties and hundreds on the following morning. A gentleman, to whom we are indebted for the information, states that he slaughtered 575 cockroaches in one night, by the above process, and that the root which had been boiled being thrown into a closet thickly infested by the enemy, the place was quit in a few days, great numbers being left dead upon the field.—*Boston Gazette.*

### Beautiful Reminiscence.

In a well written article entitled "Reminiscences of Washington Allston," published in the Boston Christian World occurs the following touching paragraph:

"I once," says the writer, "asked him why, among the many scripture subjects which he selected for the canvass, he had taken no part of the life of Christ for his theme. 'I have not done so,' he replied, 'because of my convictions concerning the nature, the mission, and the character of the Saviour. These exalt him so far beyond such an apprehension of him as could enable me to communicate any idea of him I may strive to reach, that I should fail if I attempted it. I could not make him a study for art.'"

### Duel.

The levee and wharves opposite the whole line of the First Municipality continue to cave in to an alarming extent, says the New Orleans Picayune of the 20th.

### Duel.

The following is from the New Orleans Picayune of the 20th. Hueston who was editor of the Baton Rouge Gazette, died on Sunday morning of last week:

"We are grieved to have to state that the difficulty between Mr. Labranche and Mr. Hueston will probably result, or has already resulted, in fatal consequences. About half past 5 o'clock last evening they fought a duel at the Oaks, near the Gentilly Road. The weapons were double barrel shot-guns, each barrel loaded with a ball. On the first fire of the fourth round the ball of Mr. Labranche took effect, striking Mr. Hueston on the left side, in the region of the lower rib, and passing out at the right side in a direction nearer the back. Though the wound was a dangerous one, hopes were entertained by the medical gentlemen on the ground that it would not prove mortal."

Mr. John A. McClelland, the Locofoco member of Congress elect in the Second District in Illinois, was robbed on last Tuesday week of some of the hard, while on his way from Shawneetown to St. Louis.—*Cin. Gaz.*

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